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"Ill-ventilated rooms are another source of mischief to works of art. Hundreds of fine pictures are hung in close rooms, lighted with numerous candles or with gas, yet without the slightest means of ventilation. It was shown in the careful report on this subject, by Professors Faraday, Hoffman and Tyndall, that the proceeds from the combustion of coal gas, unless wholly removed from the apartment, are most deleterious to pictures; but that gas unburnt was almost innocuous, and its combustion might be made most useful in promoting an active ventilation sufficient to remove all the resulting evils; and with them those almost equally deleterious excretions rising in crowded rooms, from condensed breath and an unchanged atmosphere."

"While there are those who leave their pictures from year to year untouched or unnoticed, there are others who are continually incrusting them with coats of varnish. Under the dust or dirt of years the picture may remain intact, and be brought simply by careful washing to its first purity and freshness; but those who cover their pictures with numerous coats of varnish, either lock up numerous coats of dirt also, or, if the varnish is continually removed for new applications, remove with it the last tender and most precious finishings of the painter. And here let us again add our warning, at least in respect to British pictures, against the new invention of solving the coats of varnish on a picture, and letting them subside into a new surface. Mastic varnish enters so largely into the vehicle with which such pictures are painted, that under this treatment varnish and pigment may be found floating into one common mass."

#### MRS. GARRICK.

In the autumn of 1822, we well remember the appearance in the print-shops of a small whole-length etching of Mrs. Garrick, who had died three or four days previously, having outlived her celebrated husband three and forty years.

John Thomas Smith notes: "1822. In October this year the venerable Mrs. Garrick departed this life when seated in her arm-chair, in the front drawing-room of her house in the Adelphia Terrace. She had ordered her maid-servants to place two or three gowns upon chairs to determine in which she would appear at Drury Lane Theatre that evening, it being a private view of Mr. Elliston's improvements for the season. Perhaps no lady in public and private life held a more unexceptionable character. She was visited by persons of the first rank: even our late Queen Charlotte, who had honored her with a visit at Hampton, found her peeling onions for pickling. The gracious Queen commanded a knife to be brought, saying, 'I will peel some onions too.' The late King George IV, and King William IV, as well as other branches of the royal family, frequently honored her with visits."

In the year previous to her death, Mrs. Garrick went to the British Museum to inspect the collection of the portraits of Garrick which Dr. Burney had made. She was delighted with these portraits, many of which were totally unknown to her. Her observations on some of them were very interesting, particularly that by Dance as Richard III. Of that painter she stated that, in the course of his painting the picture, Mr. Garrick had agreed to give him two hundred guineas for it. One day at Mr. Garrick's dining-table, where Dance had always been a welcome guest, he observed that Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, who had seen the picture, spontaneously offered him two hundred guineas for it. "Did you tell him it was for me?" questioned Garrick. "No, I did not." "Then you mean to let him have it?" Garrick re-

joined. "Yes, I believe I shall," replied the painter. "However," added Mrs. Garrick, "my husband was very good; he bought me a handsome looking-glass, which cost him more than the agreed price of the picture; and that was put in the place where Dance's picture was to have hung."

"Mrs. Garrick, being about to quit her seat, said she would be glad to see me at Hampton. 'Madam,' said Mr. Smith, 'you are very good; but you would oblige me exceedingly by honoring me with your signature on this day.' 'What do you ask me for? I have not taken a pen in my hands for many months. Stay, let me compose myself; don't hurry me, and I will see what I can do. Would you like it written with my spectacles on or without?' " Preferring the latter, she wrote "E. M. Garrick," but not without some exertion.

"I suppose now, sir, you wish to know my age. I was born at Vienna, the 29th of February, 1724, though my coachman insists upon it that I am above a hundred. I was married at the parish of St. Giles at eight o'clock in the morning, and immediately afterwards in the chapel of the Portuguese Ambassador in South Audley Street."

A day or two after Mrs. Garrick's death, Mr. Smith went to the Adelphi, to know if a day had been fixed for the funeral. "No," replied George Harris, one of Mrs. Garrick's confidential servants, "but I will let you know when it is to take place. Would you like to see her? She is in her coffin." "Yes, I should." Upon entering the back-room on the first floor, in which Mrs. Garrick died, Mr. Smith found the deceased's two female servants standing by her remains. He made a drawing of her, and intended to have etched it. "Pray, do tell me," said Smith to one of the maids, "why is the coffin covered with sheets?" "They are their wedding sheets, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Garrick wished to have died. Mr. Smith was told that one of these attentive women had incurred her mistress's displeasure by kindly pouring out a cup of tea, and handing it to her in her chair: "Put it down, you hussy! do you think I cannot help myself?" She took it herself, and a short time after she had put it to her lips she died.

On the day of the funeral Smith went with Miss Macaulay, the authoress, to see the venerable lady interred; but when they arrived at Westminster Abbey, they were refused admittance by a person who said: "If you wish to see the waxwork, you must come when the funeral's over, and you will then be admitted into Poet's Corner, by a man who is stationed at the door to receive your money."

"Curse the waxwork!" said Smith, "this lady and I came to see Mrs. Garrick's remains placed in the grave." "Ah, well, you can't come in; the Dean won't allow it." "As soon as the ceremony was over, says Smith, "we were admitted for sixpence at the Poet's Corner, and there we saw the earth that surrounded the grave, and no more, as we refused to pay the demands of the showman of the Abbey."

Horace Walpole, though he wrote a bitter letter upon Garrick's funeral, and some strange opinions of his acting left some good-humored remarks upon Mrs. Garrick. He writes to Miss Hannah More: "Mrs. Garrick I have scarcely seen this whole summer. She is a liberal Pomon to me, I will not say an Eve, for though she reaches fruit to me, she will never let me in, as if I were a boy and would rob her or chard."

#### PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, 1866.

Mons. Auber recently asked Mons. Charles Blanc, what do you think of Gerome's Cleopatra? "It is wretched—the conception is weak, the execution is poor, the woman is of porcelain." Mons. Auber replied: "Is that the

painter's fault? All women are terribly fragile nowadays."

A few days since the French Emperor went to La Villette to examine the extent of the accident which occurred at the pyrotechnic manufactory, which exploded recently. His Majesty, as usual, went without an escort; his carriage drew up near the house where the accident took place, when a fellow not drunk, but "three sheets in the wind," went up to the Imperial carriage and said: "Halloa, if here ain't my Emperor? And so you've come to our quarters? 'Pon my soul I'm glad to see you, and it is really quite handsome in you to run up and see us. How goes it with you, eh?" The Emperor smiled and looked at this man who was so strangely affectionate, who went on to say, "I tell you this quarter is changed—new streets here, and yonder, and everywhere—till the fact is a fellow don't know where he is; but it is great improvement for all that. When you go home the best road for you to take is 'round that corner, there is a boulevard down there." A policeman ran up and insisted upon the merry fellow's falling back. His Majesty made a gesture, and the policeman let the fellow alone.

"Don't you see, Uncle Bobby, you are the one to fall back, for I'm having a chat with my Emperor." His Majesty made a sign to his driver, and the carriage drove off.

Mons. Laurent de Rille has married Mlle. de la Bedolliere, one of the editors of *Le Seicle's* daughters.

When Mons. Emile de Girardin took possession of *Le Liberte*, whose circulation was 1500 copies a day, he said to some of his friends: "When I get 25,000 subscribers I will give you a grand dinner." He has given this dinner; his subscription list is nearer 50,000 than 25,000.

Gambling continues to be as popular and extravagant as ever in Paris. One gentleman lost \$50,000 in one night, at the Jockey Club, recently. It is said the winnings of the Duke of Beaufort, in consequence of the success of Ceylon, amounts to £400,000 or \$1,000,000.

It is said Gladiateur, the famous race-horse, has a severe inflammation of the right leg.

A man has just quitted the hulks who has been in them for 35 years. Sentenced to imprisonment for life, in March, 1831, for homicide, he entered the hulks at Toulon in the same month. Various commutations of his sentence have been from time to time made. He is the last prisoner in the hulks who bears on his body the brand T. P. (*travaux publics*;) branding was abolished after the revolution of July.

A Brahmin, who had quitted his wife and this world, appeared at the gate of Brahma's paradise and asked for admission. The god inquired: "Have you been in purgatory?" "No, but I have been married." "Come in, then; that is the same thing." Another defunct Brahmin made his appearance just at this moment and asked Brahma to let him also into paradise. "Why," said the god, "have you been to purgatory?" "No, but neither had the last applicant." "Aye, true enough, but he had not been married." "Then I am as good, nay, a better fellow than he is; I have been married twice." "Then clear out with ye; this is not your destination; paradise is not made for fools."

The French Emperor has purchased Mons. Corot's picture of Solitude, exhibited this year; he gave 18,000f. for it.

Herr Hanssner, a German statistician, states the European wars from 1815 to 1864, cost the lives of 2,762,000 men. The wars in Europe from 1792 to 1815 cost the lives 5,530,000 men, (on an average 240,000 men a year.) The seven years' war, 1756-'63, cost the lives of 886,000 men.

The Grand Duke, heir apparent to the Russian crown, has gone to Copenhagen to pay his court to the Princess Dagmar. He is to marry her. It is said he is desperately in love with the beautiful daughter of Prince Nekherski, head of the Russian Church.

GAMMA.